

Peeling

*The mind is like an onion,
Every layer of thought
Another skin.*

Begin

*To strip away the thoughts
And you will find
The deeper that you go
The more you cry.*

-- Edith Ogutsch

Like Pop Corn For The Crows

*Death sits on his shoulder
casting an evil eye
on all his days.*

Fruit bitters in his mouth.

Beds harden to his touch.

The even waves of sound crash in his ear.

*Fragrance offends his death-sniffed nostrils
and his cold eyes see winter in the sun.*

Shaking my wise head

I watch this miser

spendthrift the last of time,

heedlessly spilling my own days

like pop corn for the crows.

-- Carolyn Hoggins

Plainview, Texas